

ANGEL CITY – Janet Harvey (22 pages)

**PAGE ONE**

**PANEL 1:** It's early morning in front of GRAUMANN's CHINESE THEATER on Hollywood Boulevard, 1939. The theater in all its original glory, a symbol of glamor... but we also see trash blowing by on the empty early-morning boulevard. A couple of reporters dash around the side of the building, flash cameras in hand.

CAPTION: Hollywood. Tinseltown. The land of glamor and possibility.

CAPTION: Show up on the bus.

CAPTION: Get a soda at Schwab's.

CAPTION: Become a star.

**PANEL 2:** A low angle on a dumpster in an alley behind the theater. Trash, empty popcorn containers, seepage. Dumpster in foreground, the reporters approaching the dumpster in background.

CAPTION: That's the dream of a thousand pretty girls across America.

**PANEL 3:** Point of view: looking out from inside the dumpster, we see the faces of a couple of reporters looking into the dumpster. Whatever they are looking at is making them visibly ill. One looks shocked, one looks like he might puke. One raises a camera to his face and we see the FLASH pop:

CAPTION: A lot of them have bus fare.

SFX: BAMFFH

**PAGE TWO**

**SPLASH PANEL:** And now we see what the reporters are looking at. An overhead shot of the dumpster, with reporters swarming around it. In the dumpster is the twisted, cigarette-burned body of FRANCES FAYE. A vulnerable, pretty blonde, she has been literally thrown away by the powerful men of this town. She's naked, but bits of trash are artfully covering her ladyparts. After a minute, you realize she's actually been severed in half. And one of her legs is twisted in a way that looks...wrong.

CAPTION: Frances Faye was a good kid.

TITLE: ANGEL CITY  
CREDITS: AS APPROPRIATE

FLASH BULB SFX: POP pop pop POP POP

**PAGE THREE**

**PANEL 1:** A photograph of the previous shot resting in a tray of developing fluid. JOE WASH of light indicates we are in a photographic dark room. Someone is picking up the edge of the developed photo with tongs.

CAPTION: She had lousy taste in guys, sure.

CAPTION: But in this town, that can be an asset.

**PANEL 2:** JOE YASHIMOTO, stringer for the Tinseltown Tattler, lifts the developing photo with tongs and looks at it. He is studying her face... wait a minute... she looks familiar...

CAPTION: We were friends, a long time ago.

CAPTION: I always wondered what happened to her.

**PANEL 3:** Close on JOE's eyes as he realizes: he knows this girl.

CAPTION: Now?

**PANEL 4:** JOE's back, hunched over his developing trays as the impact hits him. He may or may not be crying. He definitely needs a minute.

CAPTION: I wish I didn't know.

**PANEL 5:** With a manila folder file in his mouth, JOE throws on a trenchcoat and runs out the door of his flat in Chinatown. The door slams behind him.

CAPTION: But there's one thing you can count on, in this town....

**PAGE FOUR**

**PANEL 1:** DOLORES DARE, framed in sunlight, hair turbaned in a towel, stands at the entrance of a West Hollywood apartment complex. Behind her is a palm-tree enclosed patio with a pool – a mini

Shangri-La. She has a drink in one hand and a cigarette in the other. She's been swimming and drinking. And she's not pleased to see JOE.

CAPTION: ...Opportunity knocks once...

CAPTION: .... but bad news leans on the bell.

DOLORES: Oh.

DOLORES: It's you.

**PANEL 2:** JOE stands sheepishly at the doorway with the folder in hand.

JOE: Is that any way to greet an old friend?

DOLORES: Don't get cute, Joe.

DOLORES: Whatever you want, make it quick.

## **PAGE FIVE**

**PANEL 1:** DOLORES goes back to her lounge chair, where it appears she's been camped out for much of the afternoon. She sets her drink down next to a pack of Parliaments and some suntan lotion on a shaded table.

DOLORES: I gotta go to work at six.

JOE: Read the papers lately?

DOLORES: Not if I can help it. Why?

**PANEL 2:** JOE puts the folder down on the shaded table as DOLORES gets back to sunning herself in her lounge chair.

JOE: A friend of yours is a front page item.

JOE: Frances Faye.

**PANEL 3:** DOLORES puts on a pair of dark sunglasses. Lights a cigarette.

DOLORES: So?

JOE: So?

**PANEL 4:** ON DOLORES. Laying back in her chair, no expression on her face behind the dark glasses. She bought a bulletproof heart at the "I don't give a fuck anymore" store.

JOE: You two were pals, last time I looked.  
DOLORES: That was a long time ago.

**PAGE SIX**

**PANEL 1:** JOE, with a raised eyebrow, throws the folder down on the table next to DOLORES. The picture of FRANCES peeks out enough that we can see one cigarette-burned arm.

JOE: They found her behind Grauman's Chinese.

**PANEL 2:** Extreme CU on DOLORES' dark glasses. Does she see the photo? No expression. NO COPY.

**PANEL 3:** Med shot of DOLORES as JOE's shadow falls over her. Irked, she glares at him over the top of her shades. Snarling.

JOE: Somebody threw her out with the stale popcorn.  
DOLORES: What's your angle, Joe?  
DOLORES: Need a quote for the Tinseltown Tattler?

**PANEL 4:** Turning away from JOE, DOLORES blows smoke from her cigarette, lies on her stomach. JOE, in the background, is shocked.

DOLORES: Here's your quote: I'm surprised it made the papers.

**PAGE SEVEN**

**PANEL 1:** Turning away from JOE, DOLORES blows smoke from her cigarette, lies on her stomach. JOE, in the background, is shocked.

DOLORES: This town throws away girls like Frances every day.

**PANEL 2:** JOE stands up, interposing himself between DOLORES and the SUN. DOLORES in foreground lies on her stomach.

JOE: Wow. Okay.  
JOE: First of all: I don't have an angle.  
JOE: I just want to know what happened to Frances.  
JOE: And I think you do, too.

PANELS 3-5: A sequence of three shots, same angle:

**PANEL 3:** DOLORES' point of view of JOE, a silhouette against the sun.

JOE: And I don't care how hard-boiled you think you are.

**PANEL 4:** Same shot. DOLORES' point of view of JOE. His silhouette is still lecturing.

JOE: The Dolores I know wouldn't say, "So?"

**PANEL 5:** Same shot, but the JOE silhouette is walking away, leaving the pitiless sun in the sky.

JOE: She'd be mad as hell.

JOE: I liked that Dolores.

### **PAGE EIGHT**

PANEL 1: On JOE, walking out the gate of the apartment complex. The impassive DOLORES laying by the pool in extreme background.

JOE: Funeral's tomorrow.

JOE: I thought you should know.

JOE: You were the closest thing to family she had.

**PANEL 2:** Dolores lifts her sunglasses. She looks at the folder JOE left behind. Her eyes pained and afraid for the first time. From off-panel, the retreating JOE says:

CAPTION: "But like you said..."

**PANEL 3:** Same shot. Dolores lets the sunglasses fall over her eyes again, but she's in the same position. NO COPY.

CAPTION: "That was a long time ago."

**PANEL 4:** A closeup of DOLORES' hand reaching out for the folder...

CAPTION: I couldn't look at it.

CAPTION: Not yet.

### **PAGE NINE**

**PANEL 1:** Inside DOLORES' apartment. The folder sits on a feminine dressing table in the foreground. In the background, we can see

DOLORES' silhouette through the pebbled glass of a shower door, and steam rising as she takes a shower.

CAPTION: The pictures of Frances...

CAPTION: What happened to her...

CAPTION: All the hot showers in the world couldn't wipe that away.

**PANEL 2:** Rubbing her wet hair with the towel, DOLORES touches the edge of the folder on the dressing room table.

CAPTION: Tossed aside like so much trash.

**PANEL 3:** DOLORES catches sight of her own hardened face in the mirror.

CAPTION: All those hopes. All those dreams....

**PANEL 4: FLASHBACK.** Indicate this however you want, with color or border change. Maybe desaturated? The younger Dolores and Frances, on a bus. It's hot and the window is open. Frances sticks her head out the window. Young Dolores – aka DOROTHY DUNKEL - has her head in a Hollywood Starlet magazine.

CAPTION: It hits too close to home.

CAPTION: Frances Hallmeyer.

CAPTION: Faye was her middle name.

**PANEL 5: FLASHBACK.** Young FRANCES and DOROTHY on Hollywood Boulevard. Two happy tourists in cheap plastic sunglasses, getting their picture taken.

CAPTION: We came in together on the goddamned Greyhound Bus.

CAPTION: Cardboard suitcases, big dreams.

CAPTION: The whole shebang.

**PANEL 6: FLASHBACK.** The Schwab's lunch counter. Young FRANCES and DOROTHY are... not as fresh looking as they were in the last panel. They are running out of money. FRANCES counts out change while DOROTHY scours the room with her eyes, looking for famous faces.

FRANCES: I think we have enough for a hot dog.

FRANCES: C'mon. Dot, we can split it.

CAPTION: It was stupid.

CAPTION: We ran out of money in a week.

**PAGE TEN: Whole page a FLASHBACK.**

**PANEL 1:** FRANCES and DOROTHY in a hallway of a cheap boarding house. They pore over an issue of VARIETY together like it was the bible. FRANCES going through the auditions with a pencil, DOROTHY lifts the payphone receiver. They have a roll of quarters.

CAPTION: But Frances?

CAPTION: She never gave up.

FRANCES: Look, Dotty! A Central Casting call!

**PANEL 2:** Waiting at an audition on the MGM lot, lined up in high heels and shorts, with a dozen girls who look just like them, Dorothy and Frances are full of hope. They smile at each other in gleeful anticipation. A hand-lettered sign reads: "CHORUS LINE AUDITIONS →". A cigar-chomping stage hand consults his clipboard. Without looking up, he says:

STAGEHAND: Okay, toots. Let's see your legs.

CAPTION: It didn't matter how bad it got.

**PANEL 3:** The Florentine Club. DOROTHY and FRANCES, in chorus girl outfits, are escorts to a couple of fat drunks. FRANCES is still smiling. DOROTHY is bored.

CAPTION: How many drunks made promises they couldn't keep.

FRANCES: Really? You know Howard Hughes?

DRUNK: Yeah, baby!

**PANEL 4:** A neon sign proclaims: "Dime-A-Dance." A pretty sleazy dance hall in downtown LA. Dorothy's face has settled into the look of sour disillusionment we've come to know. She leans lovelessly on the shoulder of her dance partner.

CAPTION: How cheap the dance hall.

**PANEL 5:** The Dime-A-Dance Hall in downtown LA. Tawdry and depressing. Dorothy is at the bar. Her dress is cheap, and so is she. Her drunk customer is arguing with the bartender, one arm over DOROTHY's shoulder.

CAPTION: How low the jobs got.



CUSTOMER: Thizzissa... HIC! ...setup.

CAPTION: Hustling drinks ...

**PANEL 6:** A booth at the Clover Club. Overall image here is darker than before. FRANCES is sitting at a table with a bunch of pretty scary-looking gangsters. DOROTHY is standing by the table, in the 30's equivalent of a Playboy bunny outfit. She's working as a cigarette girl at the Clover Club. She looks not at all impressed, but FRANCES is beaming.

CAPTION: ---Selling smokes.

FRANCES: ...He says he can get me in a show in Vegas!

CAPTION: Frances always had hope.

**PAGE ELEVEN: Whole page a FLASHBACK.**

**PANEL 1:** On FRANCES, being led away by the scary-looking gangsters. The SUNSET STRIP looms in the background. It's the impressionistic landscape of memory.

FRANCES: See ya, Dottie...

FRANCES: Look me up in Vegas, 'kay?

CAPTION: I never saw her again.

CAPTION: I don't know why.

CAPTION: I guess I just didn't have much use for hope anymore.

**PANEL 2:** On DOROTHY, back in the Clover club, selling cigarettes. A CREEP at a nearby table is grabbing DOROTHY'S barely-covered behind.

CAPTION: Not at the Clover Club.

CREEP: Hey dollface! What gives?

CREEP: You sellin' those smokes, or sittin' on them?

**PANEL 3:** a low angle on DOROTHY as she turns and glares at the CREEP. She raises up her tray of cigarettes.

DOROTHY: I'll sit on you!

**PANEL 4:** DOROTHY brings the cigarette tray down on the CREEP's head. Cigarettes and candy fly in all directions. The CREEP falls out of his chair. The table tips over, sending drinks flying, and THE CREEP's companions running for the hills.

DOROTHY: Ya pimple-face creep!  
CREEP: AAAGHH!  
COMPANIONS: Eeeeeeeek!!!

**PAGE TWELVE: Whole page a FLASHBACK.**

**PANEL 1:** DOROTHY is kicking the creep across an empty dance floor. The creep is crawling away from her, backwards, raising a hand in defense. DOROTHY is in mid kick. The chorus girls on stage are reacting, running away.

CREEP: Whoa! Easy, Nelly!  
DOROTHY: You take it easy!

**PANEL 2:** A high angle, long shot of the ballroom. Below, DOROTHY's kick is connecting with the CREEP'S stomach- Hard enough that the creep is catching air, and might even fly as far as the stage. Chorus girls are running. Customers upending tables in their haste to get away. This is the point of view of....

GINO (OFF PANEL): Well, well.

DOROTHY: On my ass!  
CREEP Ow!

**PANEL 3:** GINO VOLANTE, the club owner, leans over the balcony, surrounded by beautiful chorus girls. He's a gangster, handsome and imposing in a sexy/ugly way -the kind of guy who came from the streets of Chicago or New York, and now can afford the finer things. He smiles as he watches DOROTHY below.

GINO: Ain't she a kick?  
GINO: Get that girl up here. I want to talk to her.

**PANEL 4:** CLOSEUP of DOROTHY's face, post scuffle, her hair awry, with maybe a cigarette still stuck in it. She looks tough.

GINO (OFF PANEL): You're not a bad fighter, dollface.  
GINO (OFF PANEL): What's your name?

DOLORES: Dot –  
DOLORES: Dolores.  
DOLORES: Dolores Dare.

CAPTION: And just like that... Dorothy Dunkel disappeared.

**PANEL 5:** GINO holds audience at his balcony table, surrounded by his inner circle of gangsters and chorus girls. He seems amused by the disheveled cigarette girl before him.

CAPTION: ...And Dolores Dare went to work.

GINO: You know who I am?  
DOLORES: You're Gino Volante. You own this club.  
GINO: That's right. Smart girl.

**PAGE THIRTEEN:**

**PANEL 1:** Back in the present (1939), DOLORES gets ready to leave for work. She straddles a police motorcycle and is getting ready to put on a helmet. The SUNSET lights the sky behind her; palm trees in the background.

CAPTION: "... I may have some work for you...  
CAPTION: "... that doesn't involve cigarettes."

**PANEL 2:** On DOLORES' motorcycle boot, kicking the bike into action. NO DIALOGUE.

**PANEL 3:** DOLORES speeds off on the motorcycle. A sign reads "Welcome to Beverly Hills." NO DIALOGUE.

**PANEL 4:** The glass front of a tony Beverly Hills Jewelry shop, reflecting more sunset and palm trees. Gold-lettered script on the glass reads GROSSMAN'S. A man's hand reaches for a sign in the window, turning it to the side that says "Sorry, We're Closed!" NO DIALOGUE.

**PANEL 5:** DOLORES' motorcycle boot jammed in the door before it closes.

(OFF PANEL VOICE): **Hey!**

**PAGE FOURTEEN:**

**PANEL 1:** DOLORES muscles her way into the jewelry store. GROSSMAN, a slim, foppish man with a pencil moustache, looks at her like she's something that crawled up on his tablecloth during dinner.

GROSSMAN: Can I help you?

DOLORES: Yeah. You can show me something pretty.

**PANEL 2:** Next panel: DOLORES has her fist wrapped in this guy's necktie, and has pushed his face down on the glass top of the jewelry counter next to the cash register. The man looks as surprised as we are.

DOLORES: Like the money you owe Gino Volante.

GROSSMAN: There's an alarm...

DOLORES: There always is.

**PANEL 3:** Close on GROSSMAN's face, squished against the glass. Sweat beads on his forehead. He looks through the glass at the glittering ring display beneath.

DOLORES: It usually goes off right after I push your face through the glass.

**PANEL 4:** On Dolores and the cash register. From the bottom of the panel, GROSSMAN's hand reaches into frame with a set of keys.

DOLORES : Keys?

GROSSMAN: Third one's the register.

DOLORES: Thanks.

**PAGE FIFTEEN:**

**PANEL 1:** A high angle on DOLORES, on the roof of the jewelry store. She looks back as two police cars pull up in front of the store, sirens and lights in full effect. She smiles.

SFX: WoooOOOOooooooOOOOoooOOOooo

**PANEL 2:** Low Angle on GROSSMAN, loosening his tie, as two cops – who we will come to know as MERTZ and McGRATH – approach GROSSMAN on either side. A tiny silhouette of DOLORES escapes across the rooftops in the background.

GROSSMAN: Detectives! I'm glad you're here!

**PANEL 3:** On MERTZ and McGRATH, listening to this guy's tale of woe, as DOLORES speeds by in the background on her motorcycle.

GROSSMAN (OFF PANEL): ... There! That's her!

MERTZ: Calm down, Mr. Grossman.

McGRATH: He's seein' things, Mertz.

**PANEL 4:** DOLORES arrives at the Clover Club. It's mid-afternoon. We can tell cause It's empty, except for a guy with a mop, and light streams in through the door, reflecting off the freshly-mopped floor.

CAPTION: Later, at the Clover Club...

GINO (OFF PANEL): There she is!

GINO (OFF PANEL): Got my money, dollface?

**PAGE SIXTEEN:**

**PANEL 1:** GINO sits in a booth in the empty club, doing the books. DOLORES leans in, handing a fat stack of bills to GINO. She kisses him on the cheek. They are obviously familiar.

DOLORES: You know it.

GINO: That's my girl.

GINO: Did you pick up a sparkly for your trouble?

**PANEL 2:** DOLORES pulls off her motorcycle jacket. GINO smiles, thumbs the wad of bills as if he's counting it. Tone here is light and playful, smiling. DOLORES shoots back flirtatiously at an admiring GINO:

DOLORES: Who, me?

DOLORES: You know I don't go for that, Gino.

**PANEL 3:** Reveal of who GINO is addressing: MERTZ and McGRATH, the two LAPD detectives who were called at the jewelry shop. They are sitting in the booth with GINO, drinks in hand, relaxed. GINO is handing them their cut: a fat stack of bills from the jewelry store shakedown. McGRATH and MERTZ are smiling at DOLORES, but it's sharklike, fake. Predatory. They both sit with their legs spread wide, claiming their territory.

GINO, See that, boys? Honesty.

GINO: It's a rare trait.

McGRATH: Overrated.

MERTZ: Honesty don't pay. You know that, right?

**PANEL 4:** DOLORES, wary, in foreground, walks away from MERTZ and MCGRATH, who are splitting and counting their money. Her back is turned to them, but she's glancing sideways in their direction, the way you would if you'd turned your back on a dangerous dog.

DOLORES: Gino pays. That's all I need to know about your business, McGrath.

MCGRATH: He's Mertz. I'm McGrath.

MERTZ: You know, we could use a dame with your skills.

DOLORES: No thanks.

**PAGE SEVENTEEN:**

**PANEL 1:** A penthouse suite with a sweeping view of the glittering LA skyline. GINO's penthouse. DOLORES is dressed in an evening gown. She looks out the window at Hollywood shimmering below. GINO, in a tux, but with his bow tie undone, is pouring them two drinks.

CAPTION: " I'd rather be an honest crook than a crooked cop."

GINO: You were wonderful today, dollface.

GINO: I want you to have a little bonus...

**PANEL 2:** GINO is behind her, putting a giant emerald and diamond pendant necklace around her neck. It's a huge rock. DOLORES is shocked.

GINO: ...A token of my appreciation.

DOLORES: Gino!

**PANEL 3:** Closer on GINO and DOLORES, and the necklace he's just clasped round her neck. DOLORES is conflicted about taking the gift, and not just because of the expense. GINO is seducing her. Brushing back her hair with his fingers, he whispers close in her ear.

DOLORES: I can't take this.

GINO: Why not?

GINO: Take it, baby. I want you to have it.

**PANEL 4:** DOLORES turns toward him, the silhouette of the two of them about to kiss in front of the skyline.

DOLORES: You give me too much.

GINO: I want to give you everything, baby.

GINO: Stay with me?

**PANEL 5:** Their bodies are pressed together, but DOLORES' face is turned away from GINO, towards us.

DOLORES: I'm sorry, babe. I can't tonight.

DOLORES: It's been... a bad day...

**PAGE EIGHTEEN:**

**PANEL 1:** A large, sweeping panel of a gravesite at the Hollywood Forever cemetery. It's Frances' funeral. A bit forlorn. Wind whips some leaves in the foreground. Not many people attending. A Catholic priest says a few words over the gravesite. Next to the priest, among scattered mourners, are:

- BRENDA ALLEN, A woman who we will come to know as the madame of a notorious ring of call girls. Frances was one of them.
  - ROLLO, A short, swarthy man with oily hair who holds an umbrella over BRENDA's head.
  - MANNIX, A studio "fixer." He's built like a linebacker, a thug in an expensive suit. He stands with another well-dressed, smaller man who we can presume is a producer.
- Maybe two or three other people. And DOLORES, standing a bit apart, wearing a black pillbox hat with a veil, black dress and stockings.

PRIEST: Heavenly Father...

PRIEST: You did not make us for the darkness and death of this world...

PRIEST ... but for life with you ever after.

CAPTION: "... And there's somewhere I gotta be tomorrow."

**PANEL 2:** On DOLORES, at the foot of the grave. The PRIEST reads from the open bible. DOLORES isn't looking at the grave. She's looking at....

PRIEST: Without you, we have nothing to hope for.



**PAGE NINETEEN:**

**PANEL 1:** ...MANNIX and the producer, each holding cheap carnations. They don't look terribly broken up about Frances' death.

PRIEST (CAPTION): "With you, we have nothing to fear."

**PANEL 2:** BRENDA leans forward to throw a white lily on the grave... We see the coffin, with a few flowers on it.

PRIEST (CAPTION): "Comfort us now, in the light and peace of your presence."

**PANEL 3:** BRENDA's gloved hand releases the lily.

PRIEST: "For if you should mark what is done amiss..."

**PANEL 4:** Close on DOLORES. Tears fill DOLORES' eyes.

PRIEST: "Who may abide it?"

OFF-PANEL VOICE: Well, look at that.

OFF-PANEL VOICE: I didn't know she could cry.

**PAGE TWENTY:**

**PANEL 1:** DOLORES turns, surprised, to see MERTZ and MCGRATH beside her. Grinning their sharklike smiles.

MERTZ: Whaddya know.

McGRATH: I guess she is female after all.

DOLORES: Nice.

**PANEL 2:** DOLORES leans forward with a cigarette in her mouth, getting a light from McGRATH. The funeral is breaking up in the background – the priest has closed the bible. Scattered mourners tossing flowers into the gravesite, walking away.

DOLORES: What else do you two charmers do in your spare time?

DOLORES: Push baby carts into traffic?

**PANEL 3:** DOLORES blows smoke in McGRATH's face.

McGRATH: Did you know the deceased?

DOLORES: Who's asking?

McGRATH: Just curious.

McGRATH: It's not like she died in her sleep.

**PANEL 4:** DOLORES points out MANNIX and the PRODUCER.

DOLORES: Well I can tell you two things.

DOLORES: One:

DOLORES: That refrigerator in a suit?

DOLORES: His name is Mannix.

**PANEL 5:** On MANNIX and the PRODUCER, getting into a car.

DOLORES (OFF PANEL): He's a fixer for the studios.

DOLORES (OFF PANEL): You might ask him how he knows the deceased.

DOLORES (OFF PANEL): And another thing....

**PAGE TWENTY-ONE:**

THIS PAGE FLASHES BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN THE FUNERAL, AND DOLORES COMING HOME AFTER THE FUNERAL, REMEMBERING WHAT WAS SAID.

**PANEL 1:** At the funeral, DOLORES grinds out the cigarette with her roachkiller heel. She hands MERTZ a calling card.

DOLORES: Here's my card.

**PANEL 2:** At home: DOLORES comes into her apartment, still dressed for the funeral. NO COPY.

CAPTION: "If you need help finding Frances' killer, I'm your girl."

CAPTION: "You know where to find me."

**PANEL 3:** At the funeral, MERTZ and McGRATH laughing uproariously. DOLORES looks surprised.

**MCGRATH:** Help?

**SFX:** Hahahaha!

MERTZ: Not this one, Dollface.

**PANEL 4: At home,** Dolores approaches the mirrored dressing table. She lays a crumpled white lily on top of the folder.

CAPTION: “Homicide isn’t gonna stick its neck out...

CAPTION: ... For some floozy who shoulda known better. “

**PANEL 5:** At the funeral, MERTZ and McGRATH walk away from DOLORES, smirking. MERTZ is tearing her card in half, and throwing it over his shoulder.

McGRATH: Thanks for the offer.

MERTZ: We’ll call you if we’re shaking down any dress shops.

**PAGE TWENTY-TWO:**

**PANEL 1:** DOLORES leans on the dressing table, facing her own reflection in the mirror. She glares at herself through the veil. NO COPY.

**PANEL 2:** DOLORES’ point of view of the lily on top of the folder. The picture of FAYE’s cigarette burned arm is peeking out of the folder. NO COPY.

**PANEL 3:** On DOLORES’ eyes through the veil, determined and angry. NO COPY.

**PANEL 4:** On DOLORES, rips the mourning veil off her face, sneering. NO COPY.

**PANEL 5:** The mourning veil and the white lily on the dressing table. In the mirror, we see the door slamming in the background.

SFX: Slam!

CAPTION: To Be Continued...